

# Life

MAY 18, 1922

PRICE 15 CENTS



— B. LORY KILGERT —

*A Guardian of the Fleece*

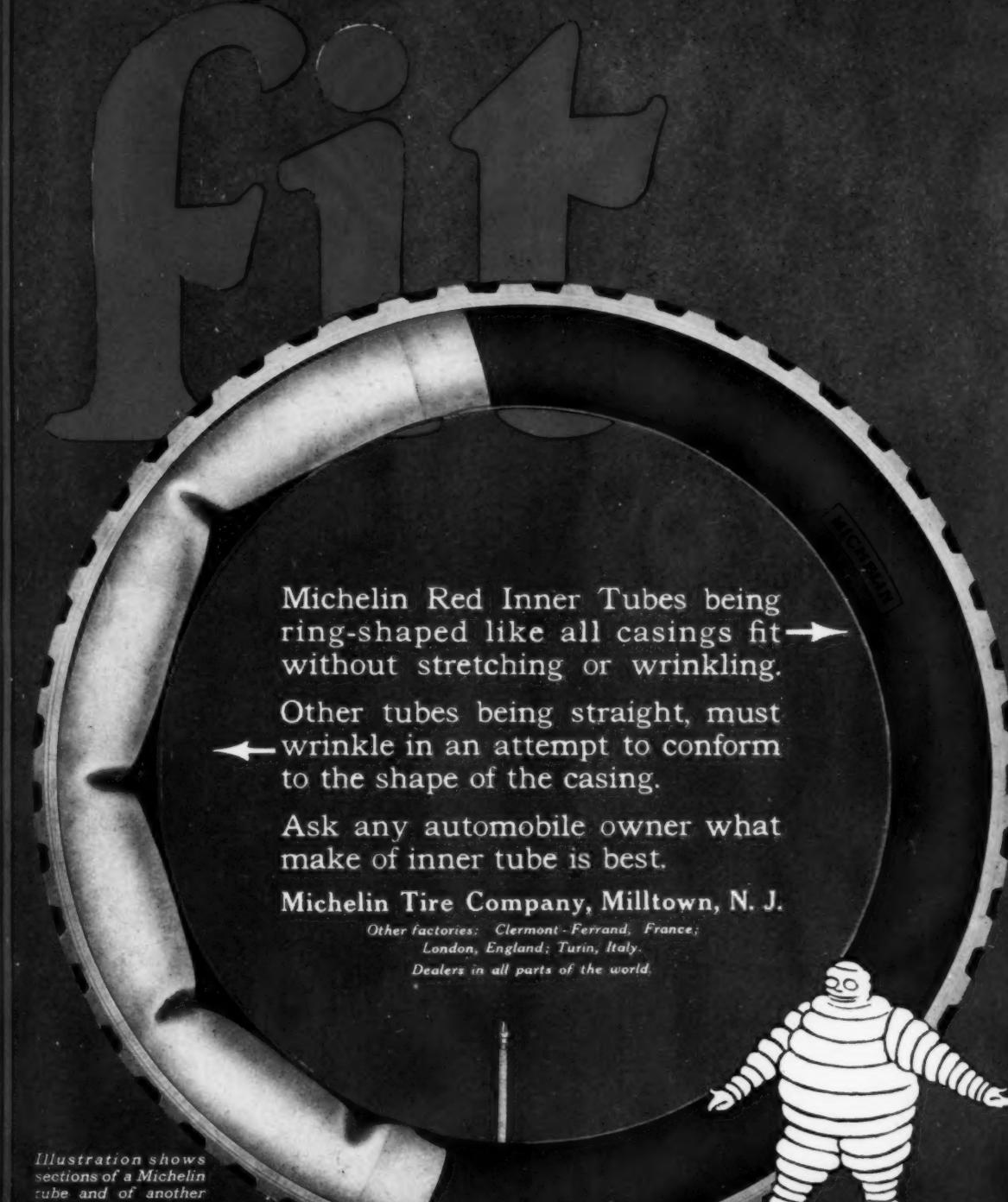
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# MICHELIN

## ring-shaped tubes



Michelin Red Inner Tubes being  
ring-shaped like all casings fit →  
without stretching or wrinkling.

← Other tubes being straight, must  
wrinkle in an attempt to conform  
to the shape of the casing.

Ask any automobile owner what  
make of inner tube is best.

**Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.**

*Other factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France;  
London, England; Turin, Italy.  
Dealers in all parts of the world.*

*Illustration shows  
sections of a Michelin  
tube and of another  
standard make cemented  
together and placed in half a casing.*



# Life

## Thoughts

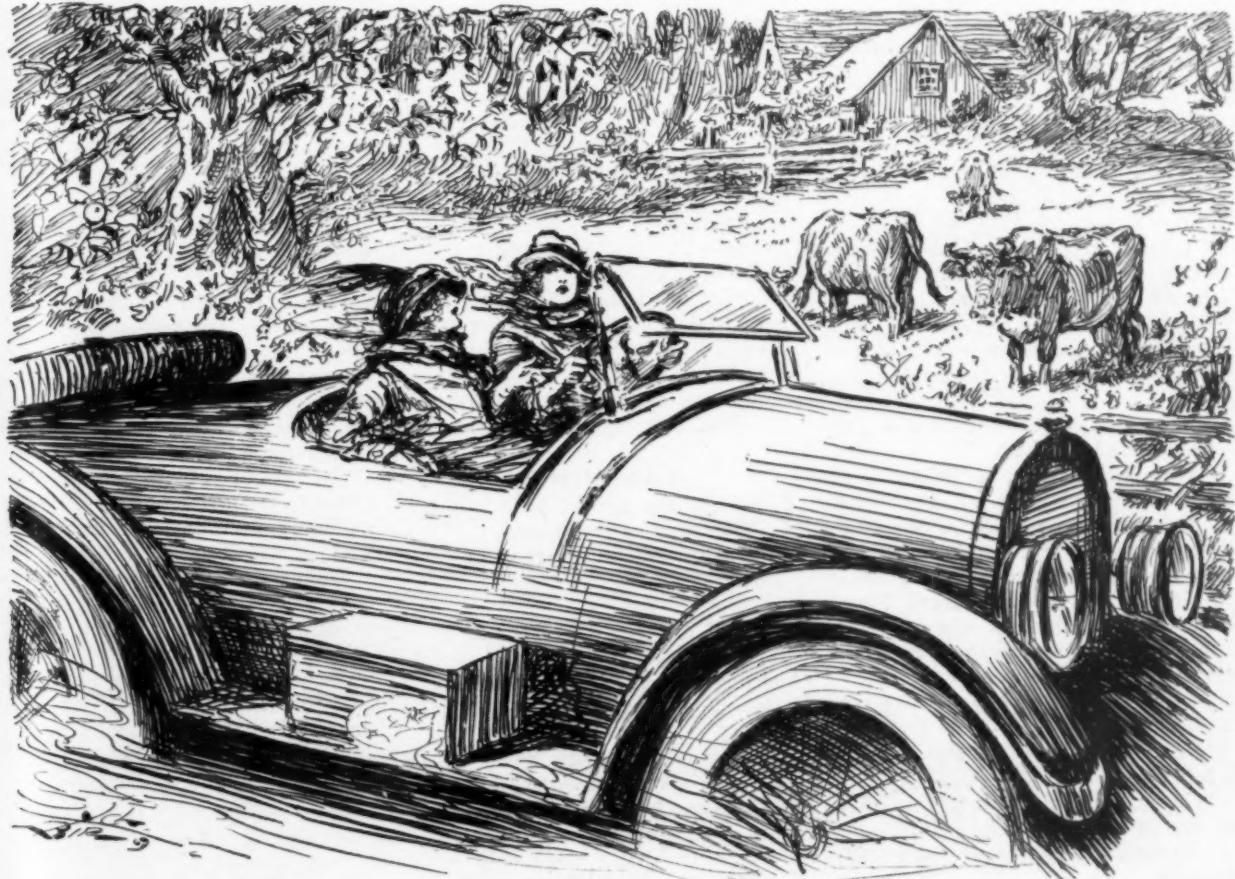
YES, my love, I think about you  
In the morning's roseate flush;  
Heavy hang the clouds, without you,  
Sullen seems the dawning's blush.  
In the slender, graceful grasses,  
Silver-tipped with sparkling dew,  
In the woodland's shadowy masses  
All that I can see is you.

When the noon-day sun is burning,  
Hot the scented air, and clear,  
Then to you my thoughts are turning,  
And I would that you were here.  
Then I dream that, happy vagrants,  
We are wandering hand in hand  
Through the lanes of light and fragrance  
Into Summer's fairyland.

When the weary sun is sinking,  
And the blossoms close, in rest,  
Then of you, my love, I'm thinking,  
As I watch the brilliant west.  
When the little stars show faintly  
In the Maxfield Parrish sky,  
When the moon gleams, cold and saintly,  
Then to you my fancies fly.

When the frightened cows are calling,  
And the sombre midnight reigns,  
Thick and fast the shades come crawling,  
Like the thoughts of fevered brains,  
When life trembles at the brink of  
Death's unfathomable deep,  
You're the last thing that I think of,—  
Goodness knows, I need some sleep.

*Dorothy Parker.*



**In 1950**

*"I saw a pedestrian on the road yesterday."  
"What! A live one?"*



### Sanctum Talk

**H**ELLO, LIFE!"

"Why, my dear Conan Doyle, I am delighted to see you. How is Sherlock Holmes?"

"You mean—?"

"Why, I haven't seen anything of him lately. Can't you—er—bring him back? I mean communicate with—"

"Dear me, LIFE, that is a nice thought."

"Yes; it would convince me about as quickly as anything."

"It—"

"Yes; if, say, Sherlock and Hamlet and Don Quixote and Falstaff—still, I rather fancy Falstaff wouldn't want to come back—at least to America. But if we could bring these fellows back—and Mr. Pickwick and Becky Sharp and—"

"Then you don't really believe that people come back, LIFE?"

"Well, Sir Arthur, sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. I don't think Will Hays will ever be Postmaster-General again, and I have strong doubts about Bill Bryan's ever being President. On the other hand, Napoleon turns up almost every week—either on the curb or in the regular exchange. You never can tell."

"Ah. Now you're joking, LIFE. Is it right for—"

"I assure you I am not. For instance, I believe—"

"Go on, LIFE; I know you're going to say something disagreeable."

"On the contrary, Sir Arthur, I really believe—"

"You do?"

"Well, quite possibly in even more things than you do."

"Dear me, that's—"

"Yes, I know. In so many daily and hourly miracles that—"

"That spirits are—"

"Shall I say incidental?"

"Well then, perhaps we're not so far apart after all."

"Certainly not."

"And you're not so disagreeable as—"

"Why should I be? Indeed, I'm going to say something delightful. I'm going to say—"

"That—?"

"That just as long as we both believe in fairies, no matter where they come back from, everything is going to be all right. So there!"

"But—"

"Isn't that fairy enough, Sir Arthur?"

"G-good morning, LIFE."

### Consistency

**I** DO not ask for all your smiles,  
Fair lady of my heart,  
For they too often are but wiles  
Of amatory art.

Nor do I all your kisses crave,  
Though I would claim a few;  
And pray you, to your humble slave  
Be reasonably true.

I do not wish that every tear  
Be shed alone for me:  
Naught else can cause a lover, dear,  
Such utter misery.

In things like these I'll not exact  
Strict promises of you,  
Because, my love, er—well, in fact,  
I flirt a little, too. *R. F. H.*

### Cosmic Care

**H**AVE you a little Worry in your home?

I probably have, but I'm too concerned about the status of Lloyd George to bother about mere household matters. What if the Coalition Cabinet should cease coalishing—wouldn't it be terrible? I don't know just what. The Unionists might slip out of the Union and the Liberals might turn Illiberal. There is no telling.

And Lenine. Ailing, or failing, or something. So bad they can't recognize him. The Zemstvo will get him if he doesn't watch out, and they'll take him to Chekov and lock him up in the Rimsky-Korsakow where he belongs.

And there's the trouble in India. Propagandhi and everything. The Malabar sinister. And the Four Power Treaty. (Even a Ford has more power than that.) Sounds like a nice plan for making the Pacific pacific; but will it prove a saturated solution?

I'm all at sea.

Yesterday when I was riding in the elevator of a downtown office building, I overheard two important-looking men—bankers or bootleggers at the very least—discussing the Czechoslovak Bond Issue. They said it was only a third subscribed and that quotas were simply unquotable.

Even more alarming news is to be gleaned in hotel lobbies. In the big business paddock of the Giltmore I heard a financier remark that unless the Salt Gherkin Corporation could float another ten million pretty quick, the Brine interests would step in and squeeze 'em. The man with him said that was grave, with Call Money at 6.

Only six—when you take the trouble to call for it!

The plight of those unfortunate Gherkins is terribly on my mind. Ten million dollars on such short notice. Well, it will just have to be done.

What's that? What do you want? Gas bill? You've come to remind me it hasn't been paid for three months?

My dear man, how can you expect me to bother about a thing like a \$16.83 gas bill, when world affairs are at stake—when I have millions on my mind? I must beg to be excused. Today Call Money is at zero.

*L. M.*

**F**IRST NEW YORKER: Been robbed yet?

**S**SECOND NEW YORKER: Can't say; haven't been home to-day.

## The Self-Opening Umbrella

By Oliver Herford



## With the Material at Hand

### How to Entertain Under Strict Prohibition Enforcement

#### Montague Glass

NOW that Prohibition has come to stay and the authorities have evolved an adequate technique for its enforcement (see Annual Report of the Anti-Saloon League, pp. 223 and 224, et seq. Speech of Mr. Wm. J. Bryan before the Ladies' Aid Society, Bethesda Church, Tulsa, Okla., also Interview with Mr. Richard E. Enright, New York *World*, February 30th, 1922), dinners and luncheons have occasionally been flat failures, particularly where hostesses have provided nothing to take the place of that potent aid to sociability, the cocktail. The following recipes for substitute cocktails have been suggested to LIFE by a popular New York hostess, who uses in their compounding, no ingredients save such as can be obtained under the present Prohibition Law with the consent of its enforcement officers.

#### Substitute Martini Cocktail

One-half Dry Gin  
One-quarter French Vermouth  
One-quarter Italian Vermouth  
One tumblerful cracked ice.

Shake well, and serve with or without thin caviare sandwiches.

#### Substitute Bronx Cocktail

One-half Dry Gin  
One-quarter French Vermouth  
One-quarter orange juice  
One tumblerful cracked ice.

Shake well, and serve with or without thin caviare sandwiches.

#### Substitute Whisky Cocktail

One-third Rye Whisky  
One-third lemon juice  
One-third simple syrup  
One tumblerful cracked ice.

Shake well, and serve with or without thin caviare sandwiches.

#### Substitute Bacardi Cocktail

Two-thirds Bacardi Rum  
One-sixth lemon juice  
One-sixth Grenadine  
The white of one egg  
Tumblerful of cracked ice.

Shake well, and serve with or without thin caviare sandwiches.

Note: In this last recipe, should there be any trouble obtaining the white of an egg in neighborhoods where the Volstead Act is more stringently enforced, it may be omitted, unless it can be had under a doctor's prescription.

With the meal itself, the following substitute beverages may be served, viz: Substitute Beer, Substitute Burgundy, Substitute Bordeaux, etc., etc. An excellent substitute for beer has become most popular at dinners and luncheons in the more fashionable Hamburg Avenue and Bushwick sections of Brooklyn. It is composed of hops, malt, yeast and sugar, and may be obtained at all groceries. It should be ordered preferably in cases of

twenty-four bottles and is known by the trade or commercial name of *Lager Beer*, or sometimes simply *Beer*.

Substitute Burgundy, Substitute Champagne, Substitute Bordeaux, etc., are not so generally stocked, but can nevertheless be obtained under the trade names of Beaune, Pommard, Chambertin, Veuve Cliquot, Pommery Greno, Saint Julien; and by blending some of these substitute ingredients, an excellent Champagne Cup was served the other evening at the last Lenten Meeting of the Junior League of the Home for Indigent Mothers With Small Children Not Exceeding Forty Pounds Net. The following was the recipe employed:

Four magnums *Duc de Montebello*, 1912

Three bottles *Fin Cognac*  
Four bottles *Clos—Vougeot*  
The juice of one orange  
Three tumblers *Oxygénée*

It is interesting to note just how Prohibition operates in the case last reported. In pre-Prohibition days, had this Champagne Cup been compounded with ingredients unsupervised by Prohibition Enforcement Officers, it is estimated by competent authority that it would have required four patrol wagons and twelve policemen to clear the premises. However, by using only such ingredients as can at present be obtained, only three patrol wagons and nine policemen were needed.

#### A Helpful Hint to Guests



"Oh, Mr. Smithkins, you must write something clever in our guest book."  
"Delighted, but I must beg off till to-morrow—no ideas to-night."

"I'd like to have hold of the person who invented guest books. Oh, for something snappy and appropriate."

"At last an idea!"



### Local Color

*Visitor:* I gits up earlier at home 'an any man in 'is heah town.

*Native:* Yoh words don't mean nothin', niggah. I gits up every mawnin' at one o'clock. What time does yuh git up?

*Visitor:* If'n I tole yuh, yuh wouldn't onderstan'. They don't have no time in 'is heah town as early as whut I gits up.

### Personal Intelligence

*Being a translation, by hydraulic pressure from the original Russian, of certain "social notes" published in the Moscow Daily Bludgeon.*

**M**R. BIG BILL HAYWOOD, of the Large William Haywoods, is spending the winter with friends here. He says the climate agrees with him better than in the States. Mr. Haywood will be remembered as the holder of the broad bail-jumping record in America.

\* \* \*

Mollie Steimer, expert on sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion, and considered somewhat of an authority on false doctrine, heresy and schism, is again on the rock pile. Miss Steimer shakes a mean sledge.

\* \* \*

Comrade Trotzky went shooting last week on his Communist estate at Redlands. He enjoyed good sport, bringing back a couple of capitalists. They are rare these days.

\* \* \*

Alec Berkman, of here and America, visited Comrade Nick Lenine at the Kremlin this week. Comrade Nick is not so well.

\* \* \*

Miss Emma Goldman, who was lecturing on Anarchy at the University of Pretzelovitch, will be heard hereafter in Sweden by request. She had hoped to take a P.G. in Bombs.

\* \* \*

Comrade Nick Lenine did not go to Genoa for the Conference. He has arranged to give a humorous lecture on "Nations Which Have Ignored Me."

### Except Sometimes

I GET along without you very well,  
Of course I do.

Except the times a soft rain falls,  
And dripping off the trees, recalls  
How you and I stood deep in mist  
One day far in the woods, and kissed.  
But now I get along without you—well,  
Of course I do.

I really have forgotten you, I boast,  
Of course I have.  
Except when someone sings a strain  
Of song, then you are here again;  
Or laughs a way which is the same  
As yours; or when I hear your name.  
I really have forgotten you—almost,  
Of course I have.

J. B.

## Sounder Forms Don't Worry Club

### Also, Senator Lodge's Feelings Are to Be Duly Considered

WASHINGTON, May 16.—To my way of thinking, Congress should never sit during election year. It is asking too much of any man who is beginning to think about re-election, to give his attention to tariff revision, foreign treaties, and the general welfare of the nation; it is apt to distract him.

I felt so strongly on this point that I went down to the White House the other day, and urged the President to adjourn Congress until after the first Tuesday in November.

"The country," I said impressively, "will have to get along either without Congress for a few months, or without some of our legislators after November 7."

He refused rather tartly, and added quite unnecessarily: "Under either condition that you present, Senator, the country would, I imagine, stagger along very nicely,—and so, for that matter, should I."

\* \* \*

I MUST admit that I was so taken aback by the rebuff that I boarded the wrong car, which took me to the Zoological Park, instead of the Capitol.

As far as I am concerned personally, the President's obstinacy works no particular hardship. I have long since given up worrying about an election campaign. Give me a few stock speeches on Americanism and The Intelligence of My Constituents, a good line of abuse for my opponent, and the voters will do the rest.

But the less hardened campaigners were plainly showing the strain of their anxiety, and I determined to instill in them a little of my own confidence. I have therefore organized the "Don't Worry" Club with myself as president, Senator New as vice-president, and Henry Cabot Lodge as secretary and treasurer.

Any member of either house, who is standing for re-election in the fall, is eligible. I shall be blamed perhaps for making the club non-partisan; but when the country at large



The Sounder handy statistical chart for campaign speakers (patent pending).

*Democrats read this way*

has stopped drawing party lines in censuring Congress, I think it's time for us legislators to stick together.

At our first meeting, I gave a little "glad talk" designed to put the "don't worry" spirit into our members. At suitable intervals we shall hold other little "smoke talks" and "sing songs," all calculated to keep the candidates in good spirits.

\* \* \*

APART from this, I have organized a service bureau for the convenience of members. Every act of Congress is analyzed and the results are printed on two cards, red for Republicans and blue



Out of respect to Senator Lodge no one is allowed to tell a story about an Irishman.

for Democrats. Thus a red card gives complete statistics to prove that the Taxation Bill is one of the most notable achievements of any Congress; and its companion blue card, with equally reliable figures, shows that the junior class of the Baptist Sunday School could have framed a better measure. All a "Don't Worry" candidate has to do, in preparing his campaign speech, is to refer to the card, red or blue, as the case may be.

Likewise, on cards of my own devising, I have had charted the condition of the country, unemployment, and so on. Held right side up, the charts show the unequalled prosperity of the nation under a Republican government. Held upside down, they furnish proof for Democratic candidates of the economic chaos of the country.

\* \* \*

IN order to keep the atmosphere as cheerful as possible we have adopted certain little club rules. Thus no one is allowed to tell a joke about an Irishman, lest it might unpleasantly remind Senator Lodge about the voters in his Boston district. And by unanimous consent, we have eliminated strawberries, blueberry and raspberry pie, or indeed anything that might recall the Newberry complex, from the menu of the Senate dining room.

Another little idea of mine has been to hang suitable mottoes in tasty frames round the cloak rooms of the Senate and House. Some of the most effective are "Keep Smiling," "There's Always The Conference To Fall Back On," "You Don't Have To Fool All Of The People All Of The Time—Only A Plurality," and "Don't Worry—Let The Voters Do It For You After November 7."

The club has fulfilled my highest expectations. Already the members are beginning to forget the record of Congress that they will have to take before the people, and are beginning to smile again.

Sounder.



**Studies in Expression**  
**The Baseball Season Opens**

## Life



## Lines

NEW YORK has a Yiddish newspaper called "Forward," but it's read backward.

School days will soon be over for everybody but the poor fish.

A farmer, having been stung by a bee, lived for ten minutes. If it had been a presidential bee he might have lived four years.

Judging by the tax returns, many Americans are convinced that their incomes are nothing to speak of.

The seal at the zoo is quite the man-about-town. Day and night, he has a lively flapper on either side of him.

Senator Simmons says the new tariff is the worst yet. Shucks! it always is.

According to the official records, Thursday, April 27th, last, was a "crimeless night" in New York. The police are investigating.

"I can't imagine how the church has the face to exist after its recreancy during the war."—G. B. S. And yet, Mr. Shaw still has the face to exist.

Corset makers are urging men to wear their products on the ground that somebody ought to wear them.

The problem before every European nation is to balance its budget and keep three balls in the air at the same time.

"Golf is no longer a game for the idle rich."—*News Item*.

It never was. It was a game for the busy rich.\*

A hard-boiled yegg has just been sent to jail for fifteen years for robbing a man of \$15. Does that make him a dollar-a-year man?

The ladies' campaign should not be to stop taking their husbands' names, but to stop taking them in vain.

Lloyd George wants America at the Genoa Conference because she would come free and disentangled. And America doesn't want to go because she wants to stay that way.



*Him: Is this the first?  
Her: No, it's the thirty-first; to-morrow is the first.*

The recent improvement in demand for wool probably was due to supplying delegates to Genoa with enough for pulling over one another's eyes.

They are beginning to develop oil wells in New Jersey. This ought to throw some oil on the troubled mosquitoes.

An American is a man who uses "old bean," "priceless old thing," "jolly," "bally" and "wot" in trying to talk like an Englishman.

Twenty barbers competed recently for a prize offered to the speediest shaver and hair-cutter. The gentlemen supplying heads and faces for the purposes of the contest were decorated for valor in extra-hazardous service.

Privateers, in the olden days, used to get permission from the government before going out after prizes. The government does better than that for them now; it not only gives permission, but builds a tariff wall around the prizes.

Dr. Steinmetz, the man who put lightning on a substantial basis, is now beginning to doubt that there is ether. Evidently he hasn't bought any native rye this year.

The term "publicist" has been applied by the New York *World* to Bernard Shaw. If this thing keeps up, the newspapers will yet refer to Babe Ruth as a baseball player.

All play and no work makes Jack a plumber.

A prize is offered for the best slogan to stimulate travel.  
"Cheese it; the cops!"

The buying of a Senate seat arouses considerable righteous indignation in the breasts of many Senators.

It's a bad precedent. Some of them can't afford it.

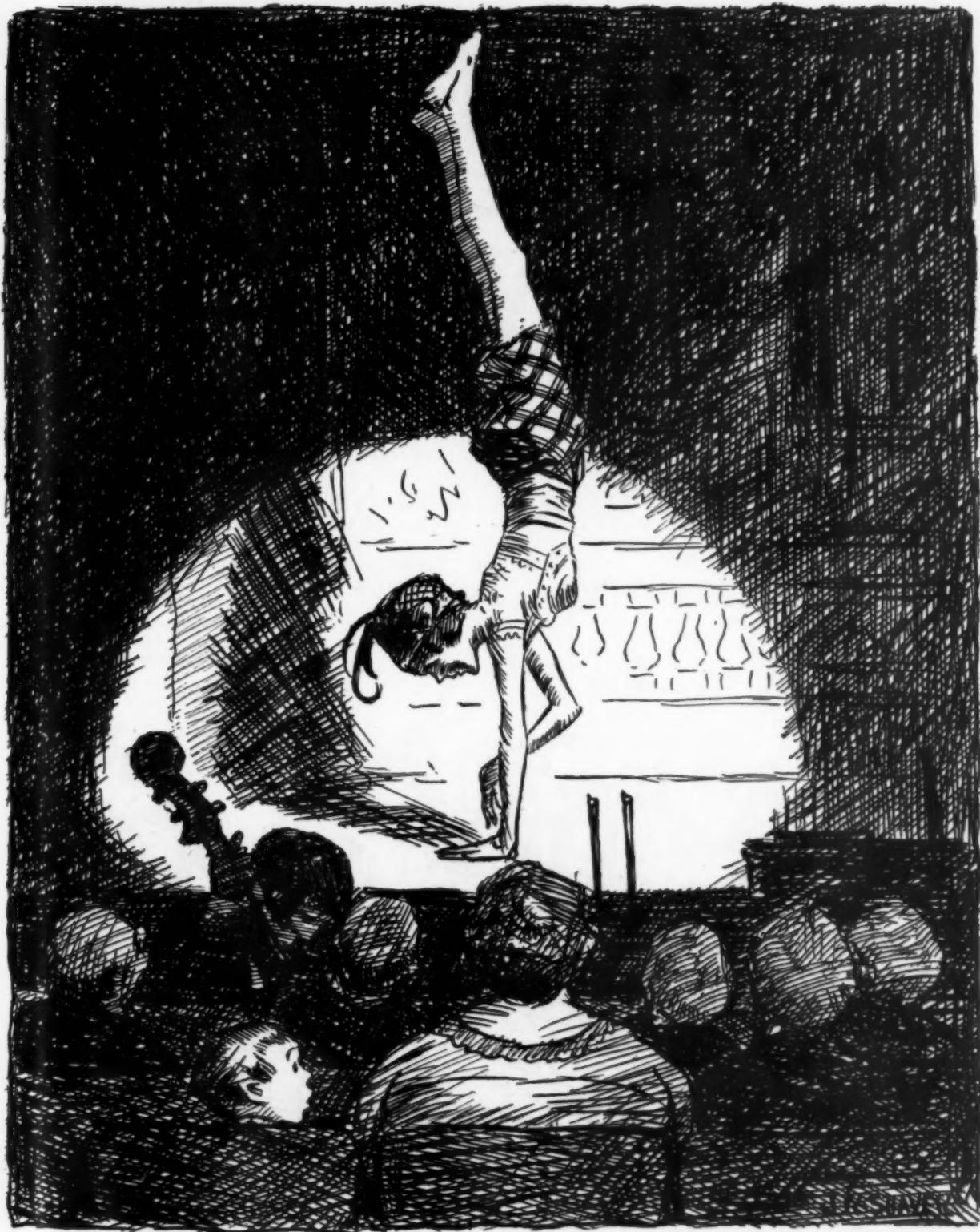
New York policemen have been ordered to round up all the known crooks in town. But it's a ten to one bet that when it's over there'll be just as many hat-check boys at large as before.

Bryan is telling us whence, and Conan Doyle is telling us whither. Our present whereabouts, however, is the thing we want to know.

This is the wrong time for Beveridge of Indiana to run for the Senate. The Anti-Saloon League is sure to oppose a man with a name like that.

The prize for raising the largest head of cabbage goes to the young commencement orator.

And on the other hip New Yorkers are carrying pistols.



*Tommy (loudly):* Ma, can you do that?

### The Skeptic Afield

THE Skeptic turned over a new leaf. He gave some flowers to a peddling woman. She was old, and her back ached. Her eyes filled as she whispered, "God bless you."

He wandered into an art gallery to see the exhibition. Before a great masterpiece sat an artist, drooping head in hands. Quietly he spoke to the dejected man.

"He had dark hours, too, the great master."

The bowed head lifted. The brooding eyes lighted. "Friend," the artist said, "you urge me on anew. God bless you."

He walked out beyond the city streets. Under the open sky and blazing sun some Italian laborers were mending the highway. One sang as he swung his pick; it was something from "Trovatore."

"Bravo! Bravo!" applauded the Skeptic.

"Ah, signor. God bless you," said the Italian.

So it was in the gray city and the drab suburb.

He wandered on to open fields, green

meadows and trickling streams. He breathed it in ecstatically. After all, perhaps the world was good.

A little white ball came rolling over the hill. It glistened in the sun as it lay at his feet. Straggling into view came a group of men and small boys. Obviously it was their ball. The Skeptic picked it up and ran gaily towards them.

"Here's your ball, my good man. I found it beside a little hole on that very green spot back there."

"Blast you!" shouted the advance guard of the approaching army. "Put that ball back where you found it and get the h—l off this golf course!"

The Skeptic moved on silently. He was still a Skeptic.

T. F.

### Utility

JINKS: What did Marjorie do with that shiftless cave-man she was engaged to?

BINKS: Jilted him, I believe, on the ground that a chap like that ought to be useful as well as elemental.

### May

MAY comes stepping down the spring  
Delicately.

They have taken a web of the finest  
silk

And spun the gold of her hair;  
They have taken the grapevine's ten-  
der green

And made her a robe to wear;  
The embroidered girdle about her waist  
Is the blue of her brooding eyes;  
And the flowing sweep of her slender  
grace

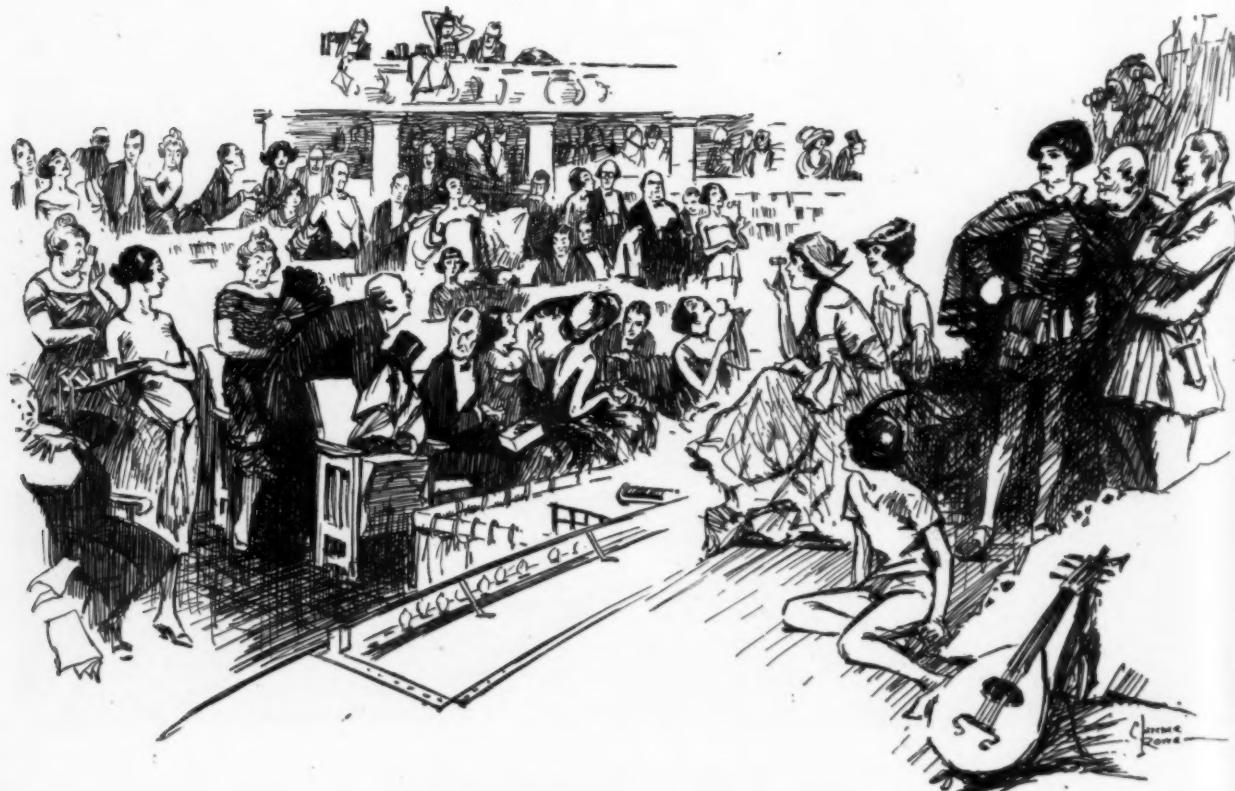
A remembrance of willow sighs.  
To her breast she presses a blossomed  
bough  
As she moves toward the year's high  
noon,

For with solemn sweetness she goes  
before,

Bridesmaid to the radiant June.

May comes stepping down the spring  
Delicately.

B. S.



Perhaps the Audience Is Dull Sometimes, Too

## The First Two Hundred Thousand Years

"PETE," remarked the better half of the Patagonian plesiosaurus as she speculatively polished a scale on her right front flipper, "the most sensible thing you ever did was to let that party of scientists see you in bathing."

"Why?" asked Pete, raising a supercilious eyebrow a foot and a half.

"Because, you dear old dumb-bell, if the expedition of discovery doesn't get lost, it will eventually discover us both. And then—civilization!"

"Ah bosh!" said Pete peevishly. He had a bit of a stomach ache. To a plesiosaurus, a bit of a stomach ache is no joke.

"Bosh nothing. Don't you suppose I want to get out and see what has happened in the world in the last ten thousand years? Don't you suppose I'm tired of hanging around this antediluvian marsh—?"

"Which you declared just ideal for raising the children—"

"It's two thousand years since the children were raised. They've gone off Heaven knows where, long ago. Don't you think I want a little excitement in my old age? What do you want me to do? Sit back on my tail and become a fossil?"

"Now, Little Woman, now there," grumbled Petey. "I've gotten kind of used to the old marsh. And the whole thing is nothing but a rumor. Even if the party does show up, we don't know where we'll land."

"We'll land with a circus."

"That would be fine, wouldn't it? They'd make us do all the heavy work."

"A zoo would be better. Oh, Petey, a zoo would be *wonderful!* Think of having nothing to do and having your meals served three times a day—"

"Now, Little Woman, you know how I *hate* hotel life. No, I don't care for the idea at all. I'm getting too old to change. And another thing: For the sake of appearances, I suppose I've got to put up a fight when we're captured. I don't like that, either. I'm away out of practice. Hasn't been anybody my size since they lost Atlantis."

"Oh, you make me *sick*," snapped Mrs. Pete. "Positively *ill*," she wailed. For a long time neither of them spoke. For a long time as we reckon it, I mean.

"Say, Little Woman," said Pete, breaking the silence. "Just one thing does bother me, after all. This is a small world, you know, as somebody said. When we were young, it was a



### Charm for Her Shoe

*When she wanders high and low,  
Lightly spurning clod and rubble,  
Chafe not, heel, and pinch not, toe!  
Fend her foot from stone and stubble!*

*Meadow-scented, plashed with dew,  
Kissed by laughing daisy-faces,  
Bear her blithely, little shoe,  
Let her tread in pleasant places!*

A. G.

### His Rubaiyat

MR. REGINALD SMYTHE had a jug, a loaf and a Thou underneath a bough. He was very, very happy.

Then the price of his loaf jumped from five cents to fifteen cents, the landlord doubled, tripled, quadrupled and multi-millioned the rent of his bough, Mr. Volstead spirited away his jug, and his Thou saw someone else she liked better and got a divorce without any trouble at all.

In other words, Reginald was captain of his soul but Circumstance rocked his boat in what is called the sea of life.

H. W. H.

## Twin Bed-Time Stories

## Conan Doyle Makes Trouble

**S**CENE: *The Bedroom of Mr. and Mrs. Benedict Newleigh. Mrs. Newleigh is awake. Benedict seems to be asleep but husbands are such deceitful creatures that it is difficult to tell.*

BED No. 1: Benedict! (No answer.) Benedict, there isn't any use pretending to be asleep—I heard you cough a second ago.

BED No. 2 (sleepily): I didn't promise to love, honor and not to cough in my sleep when I got married.

BED No. 1 (there is a pained note in her voice): Don't try to be funny, Benedict. I want to talk seriously to you about Conan Doyle's lecture on spiritualism.

BED No. 2: I don't know anything about him and his spirits except that they spoiled a good writer of detective stories.

BED No. 1: Well, it's time you learned something, then. He says there are spirits all around us.

BED No. 2 (yawning): Well, if they don't make too much noise and will let me go to sleep, I don't care. Good night, honey.

BED No. 1: Benedict, I never saw such an exasperating person. You're NOT going to sleep until I've finished.

BED No. 2 (with resignation): If what Doyle says were as true as that he'd be worth listening to.

BED No. 1: He says he KNOWS there are spirits. He can prove it.

BED No. 2 (radiantly): Isn't that splendid! Happy dreams, dear.

BED No. 1 (her voice becomes a trifle raised; perhaps she thinks Benedict isn't paying attention): He's seen and has felt an ectoplasm . . .

BED No. 2 (with a faint show of interest): That's that thing they are hunting down in South America, isn't it?

BED No. 1 (angrily): No! Of course it isn't. It's something that a medium exudes. Once his mother appeared to him through this ectoplasm. He felt the substance. He says it feels like a worm . . .

BED No. 2 (turning over): I've felt like a worm often but I'm no ectoplasm.

BED No. 1 (softly): And, Benedict—he told what Heaven was like . . .

BED No. 2: Some place where everyone's deaf and dumb and can sleep as much as they wish without interruption, I suppose?

BED No. 1 (with a hurt note in her voice): I don't see how you can talk like that to your wife, Benedict. But I WILL finish, so there. He says that there are marriages in Heaven just as there are here.

BED No. 2: Oh, death—there is thy sting!

BED No. 1 (sobbing): Oh, oh, you don't love me any more. I knew it, I (sobbing on all six now) Oh—Oh—OH-H . . .

(We have been keeping the stage hands up. Let the curtain be lowered.)

T. H. L.



"Oh, Henry! I am so glad I found you. It's been like hunting a needle in the haystack."



**Solomon's Wives Start for the Seashore**  
 "Good-by! good-by! don't forget to write me every day!"

## Gold in the Dross

*After the Production of "Hope Springs"*

*The Critics Wrote—*

THE play was a succession of bewildering stupidities.

Marcelle Wayve, the star, was as intoxicating as one-half of one per cent. brew.

The settings must have been designed by the genius who is responsible for that other artistic masterpiece, mission furniture.

A sure cure for insomnia. Soothing as syrup, it will lull even the tired business man to sleep. Bring your alarm clock and set it for ten-fifty-five. That will allow you five minutes to leave in comfort.

Nothing quite like it has been seen here since Volstead put an end to the usefulness of "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

An alarmed citizenry should rise and see this horrible thing safely and securely out of town.

Worse plays than this may have been produced, but in our memory of things dramatic we cannot find trace of them.

*And the Press Agent Advertised—*

Bewildering.—*De Meane, Times*.

Marcelle Wayve . . . intoxicating.—*Drivvel, Post*.

Settings designed by genius.—*Torrid, World*.

Soothing.—*Cutting, Globe*.

Nothing like it has been seen here.—*Tooter, Sun*.

Citizenry should rise and see this.—*Dell, Herald*.

Dramatic.—*Trite, Mail*.

*J. K. M.*



MAY 18, 1922

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

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*Paris, France.* **S**OME one has been saying in a newspaper or a review that there can be no great literature which has not in it a sense of sin. That means that there is a difference between right and wrong and that it belongs to aspiring writers to acquaint themselves with it, and to disclose their knowledge by their attitudes of mind about behavior. So the Greek poets conveyed that there were some lines of conduct that were wicked and did not bring good results, and Shakespeare did the like. He does not invite you to approve of Lady Macbeth.

There is a fair supply of the sense of sin in the world we now live in, but not enough agreement about what is sinful. Doubtless the French have a sense of sin. They have courts and churches and newspapers and other facilities for impressing it upon the minds of people that some lines of conduct are better and more advisable than others, but one needs only to go about a little in Paris to realize that the French don't see sin as a majority of the voters in Kansas see it. That they are wickeder than the Kansans one may not say who has only hearsay and statistical acquaintance with Kansas, but surely France and Kansas would not get far in the details of agreement about what is wrong.

Make it bigger than that. Say that France and the United States would agree no more than imperfectly about what is wrong. Consider the matter of wine-drinking. All over the United States there is more or less of a sentiment that it is wrong to drink stimulating beverages, but in France, certainly in Paris, one does not notice that sentiment at all. With us the beverages

ruled out by the Volstead law are considerably associated with hilarity, lavishness and the disturbance of the peace, but in France they are associated mainly with food and are details of diet, though it is evidently felt to be nothing against them that they contribute to toleration of life and even to enjoyment. One of the most exacting duties we encounter in this life is the vast inexorable duty of digestion, which never stops until we do, and cannot be sidestepped with any comfort. Volstead framed his law as though this duty did not exist, but the French recognize it and one suspects as he looks about in France that such liquids as they take with their food help them to meet it.



**C**ERTAINLY they get along with food remarkably well. They are husky people. We learned in the war that they are not easily brushed aside. One gets the same impression from looking at them here. Pilgrims from Volsteadia who come to France this summer and inspect the inhabitants, will be likely, if not too positively fastened to prohibitive convictions, to take a course for themselves of the treatment on which the French so visibly thrive. If they are moderate it will probably do them good in mind and body. A man at the Ritz complained that he had been getting fat on it, but it is worth some fat, especially if one starts lean. And it is even worth some rheumatism—though not too much—if that should be a consequence.

Volsteadism looks upon wine not only as disorderly but as uneconomic.

Apparently the Frenchman doesn't. He could bear its being disorderly, but there is no telling what he might do if he became convinced that it was uneconomic. For he is sensitive about gain, and liable to take an obstinately serious view of anything that seems to interfere with it. His sentiment, as we all recognize, is all for France. His conception of his duty to the world is to defend France and make her powerful, prosperous, and keep her functioning. He feels that the greatest service that France can do the world is to be France, and out of that feeling, which has so much foundation, comes the great political sin of France, the propensity to live for herself alone.



**B**UT can you wonder that she should have that propensity, with the memory of England sitting open-mouthed across the channel for five hundred years waiting for chances to bite pieces out of her and lately with Germany bulging out with a hugh commercial aggrandizement, and threatening, and actually attempting, to roll over on her and squash her into shapelessness? One cannot wonder that she is what she is, but so intense and concentrated a nationalism is an embarrassment in these days when the interdependence of nations is so obvious, and co-operation between them so indispensable. France will co-operate if it looks good for France, but she is not for any details of co-operation that will tend to make France any less French than she is at present, or impede Frenchmen in their great duty of standing off intruders and having their say in the management of the world, and collecting what is coming to them.



FRANCE does not seem to be spiritually minded. She likes this world and this life, and would prefer, apparently, to enjoy them forever. Failing that she likes to enjoy them as fully as possible while they last. Great Britain is comparatively pious, at least her government is obliged to respect the opinions of a considerable body of voters who read their bibles, say their prayers, and derive from those exercises views about the purpose and proper ordering of human life and the duties of governments. These views are various and often conflicting, and British governmental policies often swing clear of all of them. But still they exist and are a great factor in British politics.

It is much the same in the United States where a great many voters are strongly addicted to righteousness as they understand it, and want to be good themselves and are only too ready to have laws passed to make their neighbors behave as they do. The Ameri-

cans of the United States are not much concerned about making their country a power in the world, that being something that seems to take care of itself. But they are a great deal concerned with life, and want it to go well, and speed on in the right direction. The English-speaking countries seem to be affected by evangelical dispositions. They are strong for sending missionaries to other peoples, feeling apparently that they have something that the rest of the world needs and should have offered to it. But France in these times does not seem to have that disposition. She seems not to be evangelical at all, but to love glory, power, money and that experience of life that costs money. She drinks wine quite unabashed, admires the ladies, has the best taste in the world and only a moderate sense of sin.



NOT to have a sufficient sense of sin is as bad for nations as it is for literature. To live for oneself alone means for nations political isolat-

tion, and that is the danger for France. Her idea of securing the necessary co-operation of other countries seems to be to buy it by offers of material advantage. She does not seem aware that there is any other basis of international combination. Her ideal is France, and she seems unable to detach herself sufficiently from that grand passion to find a common ground for action with nations whose ideal is international peace and a world in which all countries may prosper and advance by dealing helpfully with one another.

IT is something to have France strong. It simplifies some things that she is able to take care of herself as she is. It would not simplify them if she were to turn aggressive, but after all, France is extremely intelligent, much too intelligent to defy the public opinion of the world. She has profited by adversity, met with great courage, great ability and profound sacrifices. Nations usually profit by adversity if they meet and overcome it, and are endangered by an easy prosperity, but at present easy prosperity is not a peril anywhere in the world.

E. S. M.



Follow the Leader



## Forty-five Minutes from

LIFE -



Minuteman Broadway



סְטֶרִיקְטְּלִי בְּשָׂר

WITH all the excellent Jewish actors that there are in New York City (something over thirty million is the exact figure, according to the last census taken by this department), Charles Coburn seems to have been rather unnecessarily country-clubby in casting his production of "Bronx Express" almost exclusively with Gentiles. For if ever scenes called for genuine Jewish, those in the Bronx flat of *David Hungerstoltz*, the button-maker, do, and in spite of Mr. Coburn's capable acting, two-thirds of his audience on opening night were better fitted by Nature to give the illusion.

"Bronx Express," originally a fantastic comedy in Russian by Ossip Dymow and an imaginative work of a great deal of promise, has been trundled up and down Broadway for many seasons with the hope that someone would produce it. It has fallen at last into the sympathetic hands of the Coburns, who must at least receive credit for having seen its potentialities. Unfortunately, they were unable to do more for it than accentuate the impression that it might have been a really big play. But one can hardly grudge Mr. Coburn the leading rôle for his pains.



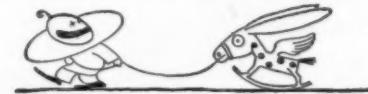
ALMOST everything has been done to "Bronx Express" that could be done to brush off the bloom. Aside from the unnatural sound of Yankee Hebrew which assails the ear (except in the cases of young Sidney Salkowitz and a delightful actor by the name of James R. Waters, almost certainly né Wasservogle), there is an incredibly Brady setting for the dream-scene which does much to create the impression that the thing is a road-company performance of "The Prince of Pilsen."

This dream-scene could have been made one of the most delightful, since "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and with a Lee Simonson to do the setting, there are no limits to the effects which might have been produced. To tell in cold blood of the coming-to-life of the characters in the street-car advertisements would sound suspiciously like something Miss Gilley's class might give after a strawberry supper, but even under the most unfavorable circumstances the scene bears up and has the air of a legitimate child of a very subtle imagination fallen into bad company. The Smith Brothers, Mr. Pluto (the Water King), the Spearmint Boys, Pompeian Cream and all the rest have somewhere in the back of their brains some significant social message, and one suspects

that in the original Yiddish "Bronx Express" was alive with a bitter satire which has been successfully dissipated in translation and adaptation.



MR. OWEN DAVIS was engaged to do the adaptation for the American stage, and although it would be unfair to say that he has probably put the finishing touches on the demolition of a delicate play, we are going to say it. The vaudeville gags and burlesque-show Jewish funny cracks which obtrude themselves constantly in the dialogue could have been put in by no one else than a man who knows "what the public wants." The author took occasion to thank Mr. Davis on the opening night for all that he had done for the play, and if the author is satisfied, we have no grounds for saying that he *shouldn't* be. Our only explanation is that he doesn't understand English well enough to know just what has been done to his dream-child.



NOW in "Partners Again," the latest in the Potash and Perlmutter cycle of Messrs. Glass and Goodman, there can be no fault found with the verisimilitude of the characterizations. Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr are Potash and Perlmutter. In addition, they are very skilful actors. The result is bound to be a good evening, no matter what their material. It is almost more than one's heart can bear, however, to think of the enormous pathos which Barney Bernard could have put into the character of *David Hungerstoltz* in "Bronx Express." Even as it is, with his gray business suit and gray perplexed face, he exerts such a tug on the heart-strings that "Partners Again" threatens to turn from comedy into tragedy at any minute.

But, like Owen Davis in adapting "Bronx Express" for the American stage, Messrs. Glass and Goodman have walked a mile for a laugh at every available point. They get their laughs, all right. Rarely have we heard the rafters ring so continuously as they do at "Partners Again." But they don't have to maul and pummel a line as they do to get every possible drop out of it. Neither do they have to resort to making jokes on Latin names. "We can't do anything without *scientia*," says the lawyer. "Mebbe he wouldn't come," suggests Abe. "Who wouldn't come?" "Cy Enta!"

The real Potash and Perlmutter talk that we love is this:

MRS. POTASH (*introducing her visiting relative to Mawruss*): Mawruss, you remember Mrs. Friedman, don't you?

MAWRUSS (*with a shrug*): Why not?

Robert C. Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**The Bat.** *Morosco.*—The dean of thrillers. **Bulldog Drummond.** *Knickerbocker.*—Everything that a melodrama should have, multiplied by six.

**The Cat and the Canary.** *National.*—Gloriously creepy, giving opportunity for holding hands with your neighbor just for human contact's sake.

**The Charlatan.** *Times Square.*—Murder mystery starting in a magician's cabinet.

**Fanny Hawthorne.** *Vanderbilt.*—To be reviewed later.

**The Hairy Ape.** *Plymouth.*—A powerful indictment of society by Eugene O'Neill.

**He Who Gets Slapped.** *Fulton.*—Andreyev's beautiful tragedy of the circus, effectively done.

**The Hindu.** *Comedy.*—Oriental melodrama, with Walker Whiteside very sinister.

**Lawful Larceny.** *Republic.*—Showing that unimportant material can be made into an interesting play, helped out by a good cast.

**Montmartre.** *Nora Bayes.*—Something from France.

**The Nest.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—A poignant drama of that much-heralded emotion, Mother Love, splendidly acted.

**The Night Call.** *Frazee.*—Mystery play, the mystery being why it was ever produced.

**The Red Geranium.** *Princess.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Shadow.** *Klaw.*—Rustic English drama, good if you are not in a hurry.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**The Advertising of Kate.** *Ritz.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Bronx Express.** *Astor.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Captain Applejack.** *Cort.*—Delightful romantic burlesque, with Wallace Eddinger and Mary Nash.

**The Czarina.** *Empire.*—Doris Keane as the charmingly promiscuous Empress of Russia.

**The Demi-Virgin.** *Eltinge.*—Just what it sounds like.

**The Lover Road.** *Bijou.*—Entertaining English comedy, with Charles Cherry and an excellent cast.

**The First Year.** *Little.*—A classic of American home-life, by and with Frank Craven.

**The French Doll.** *Lyceum.*—Regulation play on marrying for money, acted in expert manner by Irene Bordoni and others.

**The Goldfish.** *Maxine Elliott's.*—Marjorie Rambeau and Wilton Lackaye in a mélange of comedy stunts, some of which are amusing.

**Kiki Belasco.**—A startling character study of a cocotte by Lenore Ulric.

**Partners Again.** *Selwyn.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Rubicon.** *Hudson.*—Great nudging for those who like it.

**Six-Cylinder Love.** *Sam H. Harris.*—Ernest Trux and June Walker in a hilarious ride through the suburbs.

**To the Ladies!** *Liberty.*—Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger in a play which has wonderful satire mixed with good amusing home-stuff.

**The Truth About Blayds.** *Booth.*—A. A. Milne's latest and most sensible comedy, very well done.

**Up the Ladder.** *Playhouse.*—Ordinary clean hokum.

**What the Public Wants.** *Garrick.*—To be reviewed next week.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Blossom Time.** *Ambassador.*—For those who still like to hear good music.

**The Blue Kitten.** *Earl Carroll.*—Joseph Cawthorn and Lillian Lorraine in regulation musical comedy stuff.

**The Blushing Bride.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Cecil Lean and Cleo Mayfield also in regulation musical comedy stuff.

**Chauve Souris.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Russian artists in pleasing and naive vaudeville.

**For Goodness Sake!** *Lyric.*—The Astaires' dancing makes it good.

**Go Easy, Mabel!** *Longacre.*—To be reviewed next week.

**Good Morning Dearie.** *Globe.*—Excellent all-around musical comedy.

**The Hotel Mouse.** *Shubert.*—Frances White sings.

**Make It Snappy.** *Winter Garden.*—Eddie Cantor very funny in his native tongue. Cleveland Bronner ballet.

**Marjolaine.** *Broadhurst.*—Pleasant musical version of "Pomander Walk."

**The Music Box Revue.** *Music Box.*—A model for all future revues.

**The Perfect Fool.** *George M. Cohan's.*—Ed Wynn in a fever of needless apprehension over his show.

**The Rose of Stamboul.** *Century.*—Tessa Kosta and James Barton in a spectacular and tuneful comic opera.

**Tangerine.** *Casino.*—Julia Sanderson at her sweetest.



INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF AMERICAN GENERALS OF INDUSTRY  
No. 37. Mr. R. J. Reynolds induces his guests to walk a mile for a camel.



# THE KIDDIE'S KLUBKORNER

Conducted by  
AUNTIE BETH



WELL, children, this Klub of ours is getting to be just too big for anything. Twenty-one members so far, and it looks as if there might be more any minute. It's so easy to become a member—all you have to do is send in sixteen ten-year subscriptions to the paper, five dollars in cash or money order (don't send stamps, dears; Auntie Beth hardly ever writes letters), and a letter from your parent or guardian certifying that you have never been up for murder. Then when Auntie Beth gets around to it, she will send you the distinctive red plush Klub button, and you are a full-fledged member, with all the privileges of having a try at the Kiddie Klub contests.

And oh, Kiddies, Mr. Postman must be "mighty glad," as some of my boys say, that this week's contest is over. There were such heaps 'n' heaps of little letters that it 'most seemed as if your Aunt Beth would be "snowed under." But everything came out "fine and dandy," as I'm afraid I have heard some of you Kiddies say, and the prize-winning essay is printed below. The valuable cut-glass wash-cloth is already on its way to the winner. The author of the prize poem for this week receives a handsome second-hand inner tube.

The subject for next week's prize essay contest will be, "How I Cured Myself of the Drug Habit." And remember, dears,—do try to write in English.

## Why I Like Winter Better Than Summer

(Prize-winning essay)

By Earnest A. Gulch, aged eleven.

THE reason why I like winter better than summer is because I think that there are things that you can do in winter that are more fun to do than things that you can do in summer. Some of the things that you can do in winter that are more fun than things that you can do in summer are skating, coasting, snowballing, corn-popping, falling, distilling, sledding, and many other things. So that is why I think that winter is the very jolliest time of all the year.



## Winter Sports

(Prize-winning poem)

By Alberta Mildred Inch, who refuses to give age.

SOME think that the summer is lovely,  
When flowers bloom in the yards;  
While spring has often been sung of  
By Whittier and other bards;  
Autumn is always lovely,  
Even in foreign climes;  
But what I want to say is,  
Hurrah for the winter time!

The snow falls fast and faster,  
Making the ground so white;  
The trees are covered with icicles,—  
Oh, what a pretty sight!  
Ice covers the lakes and oceans,  
And the sleigh-bell merrily chimes;  
Though the summer may be lovely,  
Sing ho for the winter time!



"Let's play house" said Mr. Fuzzy.

## In Puzzledom

See if your wits are equal to these brain teasers.

## Hidden Diseases

THE name of a popular disease is hidden in each sentence below. For example, "rheumatism" is the one concealed in the first sentence. How many of the others do you think you can find?

- 1—My mother has rheumatism.
- 2—Yes, Massa, it sho' am beri, beri cold to-day.
- 3—What is the normal aria?
- 4—If the face is scarlet, fever may be expected.
- 5—Dip the ria.
- 6—I opened the window, and in flew Enza.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between a farmer and a shopkeeper who is not so careful about washing his hands as he ought to be?

Ans.—One tills the soil.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between Alfonso XIII and Warren Gamaliel Harding?

Ans.—One is the King of Spain, and the other is the President of the United States.

\* \* \*

Why is a struggling young author like a German counterfeiter?

Ans.—Because they are both trying to make their marks.

\* \* \*

What is the difference between John D. Rockefeller and the writer of this conundrum?

Ans.—Something like two hundred million dollars.

\* \* \*

Why is a little girl four years old crossing the street to get fifteen cents' worth of soup greens and half a pound of butter for her mother like a private in the Czecho-Slovakian army who has just broken his engagement with a Bulgarian Sunday-school teacher?

Ans.—I haven't any idea.

## A New Kind of Athletic Contest

A CONTROVERSY has been started recently over what would happen if Jack Dempsey were to meet Strangler Lewis, the wrestler, in a finish match, each man to use his own methods.

Just as the partisans of each had laid the other out cold, along comes the Princeton water polo coach with the statement that Tait, the Princeton captain, could clean up either Lewis or Dempsey in the water.

The question is interesting. But why not develop it further? Why limit the discussion to wrestling, water polo and boxing? Why not arrange for a spectacle, in short, which would eclipse any mere matching of individuals?

Here is the plan: (1) Put Dempsey, Lewis, Tait, Jim Thorpe, Sammy Rzeschewski, Will Hays, Babe Ruth, Jim Barnes, William T. Tilden, Irvin S. Cobb, Josef Hofmann, Commissioner Enright and Judge Landis in a corral.

(2) At a given signal they are all to commence boxing, wrestling, playing water polo, kicking, playing chess, censoring, batting, playing golf, playing tennis, writing, playing the piano, preventing crime and suspending ball players at once.

Whoever scores the most knockouts, pin falls, touch goals, field goals, checkmates, censorships, home runs, holes, sets, anecdotes, sonatas, convictions and suspensions in a week is to be declared the winner.

A suitable prize, such as a press notice in *The Billboard* or an engraved copy of the Volstead Act should be awarded to the victor.

If the public wouldn't turn out in sufficient numbers at the announcement of such a spectacle to make the Dempsey-Carpentier attendance look like an audience at a theosophic lecture in Hoboken, why—why, it wouldn't.



Mechanics Lien on a Building

## Meditation

BEYOND black hills the storm clouds roll,  
The moon and stars are gone.  
Long thoughts are waking toward the dawn  
While night takes toll.

\* \* \*

Then comes this thought, that makes the dark more deep:  
I brewed it well—but will the blamed stuff keep?

E. R. C.



Agent: And this invention is practically noiseless.  
Pat: Noiseless is ut? Anything noiseless sounds good to me.



### "The Prisoner of Zenda"

THE Famous Players-Lasky company has just celebrated the tenth anniversary of the production of the first feature photoplays, their initial productions having been "Queen Elizabeth" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." By way of celebrating this important milestone in the progress of the cinematographic art, Rex Ingram, of Metro, has just made a new version of "The Prisoner of Zenda," to show how far the movies have advanced since the dark ages of 1912.

He has unquestionably carried his point. "The Prisoner of Zenda," in its present form, is a marvel of technical perfection. In its acting, its photography and its direction it is practically flawless. But it is not entirely free from those faults that are perceptible in motion pictures, even at this advanced date. For one thing, it is not so good as the book. It follows Anthony Hope's story closely, right up to the bitter end, but it has lost some of the stark thrill of the original.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" serves to introduce a young gentleman named Ramon Samaniegos. As *Rupert of Hentzau*, he gives a performance of such remarkable dash and fire, that one is tempted to become prophetic; and I shall be very much surprised if Samaniegos does not soon rank well above the popular Señor Valentino, who was also discovered by Rex Ingram.

Lewis Stone, always a splendidly competent actor, does well in the difficult dual rôle of *Rassendyl* and the King, and Alice Terry, Robert Edeson and Barbara La Marr round out an exceptional cast.

ASIDE from his woeful attempts at comedy relief, Rex Ingram is as great a director as motion pictures have produced. In "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" he approximated genius. But his present danger is that, in becoming the master technician, he may subordinate the dra-

matic values. He occasionally loses sight of the fact that a photoplay must be a vividly impressionistic painting, rather than an architectural blue print.

### "Reported Missing"

OWEN MOORE'S latest picture, "Reported Missing," represents a strange mixture of slap-stick comedy with Hearstian propaganda. Most of the slap stick is good, but all of the propaganda, as those who read the Hearst papers will know, is terrible. It is foolish without being funny.

"Reported Missing" moves at a terrific rate of speed, and is full of rib-tickling situations. Mr. Moore himself is excellent. But the pleas for a 100% American Merchant Marine left me cold. Like the rest of "The People Who Think," I much prefer Krazy Kat to Arthur Brisbane.

### "The Glorious Adventure"

HAILED with a salvo of press agents' howitzers, "The Glorious Adventure" arrives from England for inspection under the critical eye of American audiences. It stands up fairly well in the test.

It is photographed in color, and its star is Lady Diana Manners, the celebrated British beauty. Lady Diana's claims to fame are absolutely legitimate. Indeed, she is so incredibly lovely that one is inclined to forget that she can't act, that the story in which she appears is involved and dull, and that color photography is still in its infancy.

The audience sees red all through "The Glorious Adventure." Red costumes, red buildings, red lips, red hair and red blood are splattered all over the screen. And when Lady Diana is not there to distract one's attention from the rest of the scene, it is all very confusing.

### "Across the Continent"

THE best of the Wallace Reid Automobile Series is an opus entitled "Across the Continent." It demon-

strates how Mr. Reid, who is apparently supposed to be Edsel Ford in the story, drives one of his father's fivers to victory in a thrilling race from New York to Los Angeles.

The race is beautifully staged, and even though everyone knows perfectly well that Wallie will win (he has never yet been outdistanced), the general excitement runs high.

I shudder to think what will happen when Mr. Reid enters the real race at Indianapolis this summer. Suppose he is beaten! The whole tradition of the movies will be upset, and film fans all over the world will doubtless die of mortification. But then, perhaps the affair is to be staged under the direction of Cecil B. De Mille, so that the other contestants will understand in advance that they are only members of the supporting cast.

### "The Poverty of Riches"

THE title of "The Poverty of Riches" is self-explanatory. In fact, it gives the whole plot away, which is no cause for complaint, as it saves one from the necessity of sitting through the picture and being bored to death.

The moral of the story, of course, is that rich people are poor if they have no children, and that poor people are—oh, reason it out for yourself! Which proves that the film is one of those that teach a *lesson*. Now, according to no less an authority than Mr. Edison, the movies are destined to be the great educational medium of the future, and will replace the dull text-books in all schools and colleges.

This may well be true. But if "The Poverty of Riches" is a sample of the type of lecture that will be used to instruct our young in years to come, I cannot help feeling glad that I waged my unsuccessful fight for a diploma in the days before McGuffey's First Reader was sent to Cain's Warehouse along with the rest of the back numbers.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 27)



*All out-doors invites your*  
**KODAK**

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



### Civilization from the Sidewalk

"What is civilization?" asks a California writer. It's where you stand on a street corner and wait for ten street cars, four hundred automobiles, fifty motorcycles, twenty-five bikes, a dozen motor trucks, a few fire engines, the police patrol, a hurry-up ambulance and a funeral to pass before you dare make a try for the opposite corner.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

### Where He Got Off

SHE: When a man who bores me terribly asks me where I live I always say in the suburbs.

HE: How clever! And where do you really live?

SHE: In the suburbs.

—*Le Matin (Paris)*.

### Exactly

"How do you like your new quarters?" asked the landlord pleasantly. The fresh tenant gazed around and sadly rejoined: "These aren't quarters, these are eighths." —*London Morning Post*.

JIMMY: Yer ma won't let yer do that.  
FREDDY: She will if I can get pa ter say I can't.—*American Legion Weekly*.

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YOUTH

*The Flapper: Don't you think Papa original in his enthusiastic naïveté?*  
—*Simplicissimus (Munich)*.

### Love, Matches, and Love-matches

Nothing is cheaper than matches, And nothing is dearer than flame; They're given to smokers in batches, For nothing is cheaper than matches, But look to the spark, where it catches (And in kissing, the rule is the same). Nothing is cheaper than matches.

And nothing is dearer than flame.

—C. L. Edson, in *Charleston News and Courier*.

### Airy Fairytales

CINDERELLA (before the ball): I have enough rats to transform into horses but there's no pumpkin on the farm to make the coach.

FAIRY GODMOTHER: Never mind, my dear, I will make you an auto out of this sardine box.

—*Salon des Humoristes (Paris)*.

### A Desirable Combination

A California philosopher expresses the hope that in his next incarnation he shall be half Irish and half Hebrew. "For," he says, "the Irishman is happy as long as he has a dollar, and the Hebrew always has it."—*Boston Transcript*.

MAGISTRATE (to prisoner): Your accomplice refused to give his residence. Where do you live?

PRISONER: Me? Across the way from him, Your Honor.—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

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76



"To-night he told me I had a face like a poem."  
"Blank verse, I take it."



## *Master of the Highway*

Under the hood of the Paige 6-66 is a mighty 70 horse-power engine that performs its work with the ease and smoothness of a giant turbine. This vast reserve power means not only great performing ability but long life and uninterrupted service.

Remember that the Paige 6-66, Daytona model, holds every world's stock chassis speedway record from 5 to 100 miles. Here is proof not only of superb performances but heroic strength and stamina.

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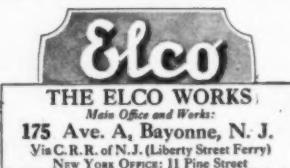
A Standardized craft—33 feet long, 40 horsepower—with the essentials of seaworthiness, reliability, comfort and roominess that the purchaser has a right to expect.

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54 ft. Twin Screw Deck House Cruiser . . . . .	speed 12 miles, guaranteed
30 ft. Eleo Express . . . . .	speed 20 miles, guaranteed

Visit our plant, inspect these boats, and handle them yourself, or send for our literature and then make your own comparisons.



"There's no reason for being jealous, Jack. You could build a house on my constancy—with a big enough building loan."

—*Lustige Blätter (Berlin)*.



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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

### Logic

The spendthrift son was leading hopefully up to his usual request.

"Yes, you know, Pater," he observed, "I'm getting along jolly well lately. Why, I was even introduced to Jorrington the other day. He's the leading man in the whole of our business. I—"

"And have you paid him back yet?" inquired his impossible parent.

—*London Morning Post*.

### Fees in Prospect

"Was your church bazaar a success, dear?"

"Yes, indeed. The minister will have cause to be grateful."

"What were the profits?"

"Oh, there weren't any. But ten of us girls got engaged."

—*Boston Transcript*.

WHEN a young upstart said to a minister, "I'd like to fill your pulpit," the latter quietly came back with the query, "What with?"—*Youngstown Telegram*.

### Pawtucket Pickets

"Pawtucket Pickets Carry Rocks in Pockets" —Headline.

Every picket in Pawtucket, Has a briquette in his pocket, To protect the union ticket, And to back it in a racket.

With the briquette in his pocket, He will hit your head and crack it; If you're lively as a cricket, You may duck it like a racket— Otherwise you'll kick the bucket, And on some Pawtucket docket Will appear—to face the racket— That there picket, with a briquette in the pocket of his jacket.

—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*.

### Second Wind

Bide Dudley, the midget humorist, was one of the speakers at the Friars' dinner to R. H. Burnside the other evening. He began by remarking that he did not fear to face huge audiences as he had never been hissed in his life. "Just the other day," he said, "I was the third speaker at a banquet. The first speaker got up and after his speech, was hissed. The second met a like fate. I confess I was distressed, but I worked up my courage and spoke. My talk was so good that when I had finished the audience began hissing the first two speakers all over again."

—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

### Disqualified

"The name of Flubb, the bootlegger, was up at our club, but Judge Jenks was opposed to admitting him."

"Why?"

"He says Flubb uses the most horrible English imaginable."

—*Nashville Tennessean*.

"Do you think the Great American Novel will ever be produced?" asked the lover of literature.

"Why," replied the log roller, "it's being written every once in a while by one of my friends."—*New York Sun*.



### For sixty years the one best glycerine soap

THE bath room or wash room which contains a cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap is made luxurious by that one touch alone! Such a delightful sensation of mildness in its use! Such richness of purifying, creamy lather! Such a faint, agreeable perfume! No wonder this soap is found wherever particular people make their abodes. Take a cake home to-day,—or a box. Your favorite shop has it.

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## THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

**Pay Day.** *First National.*—The weakest Chaplin comedy in years.

**Fascination.** *Metro.*—Mae Murray as a wild young lady who goes to Spain and tries her flapper tactics on a bull fighter.

**The Loves of Pharaoh.** *Paramount.*—A magnificent spectacle of ancient Egypt, directed by Ernest Lubitsch, and acted by a splendid cast.

**Smilin' Through.** *First National.*—Norma Talmadge in a spiritualistic story, with enough glycerine tears to float a battleship.

**Grandma's Boy.** *Pathé.*—It has a real idea, and a great deal of uproarious comedy—and it also has Harold Lloyd. No further statistics are necessary.

**Human Hearts.** *Universal.*—All that the name implies; a heart interest theme, overburdened with sentimentality—but well constructed and competently played.

**Orphans of the Storm.** *United Artists.*—A beautiful and thrilling drama of the French Revolution, directed by a promising young lad named Griffith.

**Is Matrimony a Failure?** *Paramount.*—The marriage problem, discussed in a profoundly farcical manner.

**The Wall Flower.** *Goldwyn.*—Colleen Moore as a homely little girl who breaks both legs, and then becomes beautiful.

**Sherlock Holmes.** *Educational.*—A serial, issued in two-reel instalments, based on the Conan Doyle stories. It was made in England and should not be confused with the new John Barrymore production, which is infinitely better.

**Cardigan.** *American.*—One of those phoney "all-star casts" that are so prevalent in the movies. The only member of the troupe we ever heard of before is William Collier's son.

**The Seventh Day.** *First National.*—Richard Barthelmess is the star, and Henry King the director; which means that, in point of intelligence, this picture is far above the average. But it could do with a better story.

**A Stage Romance.** *Fox.*—William Farnum in an exceptionally good picture—a tale of the theatre in the good old days when the spoken drama was still popular.

**Turn to the Right.** *Metro.*—Demonstrating that vice thrives in the city, and virtue in the rural districts. The city part is good.

**For Review Next Week.**—"The Man From Home," "Too Much Business" and "The Trap."

R. E. S.

### Once to Every Man

A hundred yards from the crossing he saw that the moment he had dreaded had come. Straight ahead, meandering and hesitating with the irritating placidity of his kind, was the pedestrian fate had prepared. All these years of free, deliriously free motor driving had been pointing to this, the inevitable, tragic fragment of an atom of time. Now he could see the silly smile on the pedestrian's face, the gaudy pattern of his plebeian necktie. Would that green and yellow figure haunt him or would those eyes . . . crunch . . . there, it had happened. It was all over. That awful groan—from the brakes. At last a pedestrian had forced him to stop.

—South Bend Tribune.



"Well," said the little  
Eskimo, "I'll tell  
you all about it"

Ginger Ale  
Sarsaparilla  
Birch Beer  
Root Beer



"LONG, long ago there was a King whose boast it was that he had the best feasts that men could devise or cooks could cook.

"He had a beautiful daughter, as all Kings of olden time had. When she was old enough, the King announced that he would give his daughter's hand to him who would bring a new beverage that would be as beautiful as golden sunlight, would be icy-cold and hot at the same time, would sparkle and live through a whole feast, and which, while it quenched the thirst of the moment, would awaken desire for it in young and old, rich and poor, male and female.

"And in due time it came to pass that a handsome young Prince, aided by an old wizard, brought some roots from one island, some canes from another, and some fruits from a third. From below the ground he drew the living waters of a magic spring. Then the old wizard blended the essences of the root and the fruits, sweetened them to a nicety, and infused the whole with the bubbles that gave it life. And at the next feast the Prince won the King's daughter with the wonderful new beverage, which fulfilled all the King's conditions.

"And what is the name of this beautiful golden liquid?" asked the King when the feast was over.

"But the Prince had walked into the garden with the King's daughter, and there was no answer.

"So, my dears, we must assume that then and there was discovered the universal beverage, Ginger Ale—the one of which we say, 'They all like it'."

Under the ground at Millis, Massachusetts, are springs of pure, cold water. The ginger used in Clicquot Club Ginger Ale comes from Jamaica. The sugar is from the cane. Lemon and lime juice are combined in the Ginger Ale that is cold and hot, is alive and golden, and which pleases everybody. For your feasts, for meals and between meals, drink Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

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Professional men of Europe and America—doctors and osteopaths—are finding that the fatigue after a few hours motoring is directly due to the jouncing of the car and vibrations constantly transmitted to the spinal column.

The Hoo-Dye eliminates this motor fatigue and permits you to ride in nervous, restful comfort no matter how long the trip.

The Hoo-Dye is a liquid cushion which

exercises a positive control over the movements of the body of a motor car, compelling it to ride with velvet ease and smoothness over any kind of a road at any speed.

The Hoo-Dye Hydraulic method of shock control, because it has become the accepted device for ease and comfort in riding, is stock equipment on the majority of the finest cars made in Europe.

If motoring wears you or makes you conscious of your tired nerves, send for our book "How Motor Shocks Affect the Nervous System" by R. Kendrick Smith, M.D., D.O., one of America's foremost physicians and osteopaths. For your own health's sake you should have a copy—send for it today and learn the health way of motoring. Ride easy with Hoo-Dye Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

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### Applied Mathematics

No matter what you add unto a grouch or subtract from him, he is still a grouch. You may multiply his comforts and luxuries, but still he can not be placed in any human division.

He has no factors common to mankind, he takes the least common divisor to separate himself from his friends, he has no sense of proportion, the gloom he brings upon himself increases by arithmetical progression and the gloom he brings on others increases by geometrical progression, there is no practical measurement of his meanness, nor can the area of the discomfort he spreads be estimated, he receives no commission, not even a partial payment thereof, and he takes no interest in anything.

The square root of his trouble lies with himself, he considers his friends as miscellaneous problems, while they think of him as a whole arithmetic with no answers at the back.

K. N.

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**FOR MEN OF BRAINS**  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

### Rhymed Reviews

#### The Beautiful and Damned

By F. Scott Fitzgerald. Chas. Scribner's Sons

A SECOND novel comes along  
Complacently designed to herald  
The creed, that far above the throng  
For whom he writes is one Fitzgerald.

"What fools," says he, "these mortals  
be!  
I'll show them up in vital fiction!"  
He's clever; yes; but oh, dear me!  
Should that remain his sole conviction?

He tells of some he seems to know;  
He gives them dazzling conversation;  
But no one, middling, high or low,  
Quite wins his lofty approbation.

The leading male is Tony Patch,  
A brilliant, idle youth of leisure;  
With Gloria he makes a match,  
And all that couple want is pleasure.

They live beyond their decent means,  
They love, they quarrel, dance and  
frolic,  
Enacting sundry dizzy scenes  
Extravagantly alcoholic;

Till Tony, sad to contemplate,  
Through being dissolute and lazy,  
Becomes—ha! ha! Ironic Fate!—  
A multimillionaire and crazy.

How hard it grows to sympathize  
With all these glowing flapper-sirens,  
These reckless youths with sombre eyes  
And all our modern would-be Byrons!

"We will be damned!" assails our ears.  
"We will be damned!" they fairly  
shout it.  
Well, bless your hearts, be damned, my  
dears,  
But don't be so damned long about it.

A. G.



IN NINETEEN—?

"What? You've come straight from the office? Your alti-speedometer reads 11,642 miles—you've been having tea with that woman in Greenland again!"  
—Le Rire (Paris).

## The Piquant Press

WE really do not half appreciate our newspapers and their efforts in our behalf. But that is because we do not half appreciate our own troubles. We never stop to realize that, the more our woes and the fewer our joys, the more first-rate misery we shall have.

When, as at present, there is a perfectly splendid crime wave, the newspapers give it a friendly boost. They all come out with thrilling tales of mail cars being looted, and twenty-five-thousand-dollar necklaces being stolen, and people being held up and robbed right in our own street. Then they hasten to remind us of the ghastly number of unemployed. And so we rub our hands with satisfaction, pat our wife on the cranium a little too familiarly, and remark, "Well, everybody's doing it, and we doubt if anyone will notice if we rob just one little bank." And then we do it, and darn it all, we get caught. We hadn't expected that, and it is most annoying and inconvenient.

Which brings us right back to the newspapers. You see, they never tell us that the looters of the mail car were eventually caught and tried and hanged. We never learn that the necklace was returned and the thief sentenced to work for a living.

Nor are we told that the brutes who held up the man on our street were caught and jailed and that he had the satisfaction of making faces at them through the bars of their cells. All we ever learn from the papers is that the crime has been committed and apparently goes unpunished. So a great many of us, especially when we are unemployed, get the idea that crime is a perfect cinch.

We shall probably never know what happens to Nicky Arnstein, as it won't be considered a news item. And so we shall merely remember that he got away with a lot of other people's bonds. Our memories are apt to be vague anyhow.

Two or three years from now, the newspapers will probably neglect to mention the fact that the four men who looted a mail truck in Detroit recently were caught and punished and the loot returned. And so we'll all continue to think that it might be a good idea to find a nice, comfortable mail truck and just rob it like the very devil.

And when there is an influenza epidemic, do we ever hear of anyone's getting well? We do not. People aren't interested in other people getting well. And so we make up our minds that Aunt Nellie is going to die, the second time she sneezes, which, if we know anything about mental suggestion, is a great help to Aunt Nellie.

So it seems to us that, if our newspapers would just make sure whether or no a news item is going to present



## Guardians of the Circuits

The telephone at your elbow seems so simple an instrument, it does its work so quietly and quickly, that it is difficult to realize the vast and complex equipment, the delicate and manifold adjustments, the ceaseless human care "behind the scenes" in the central offices.

Behind the scenes is the terminal of all the underground and overhead lines on the streets and highways. Here are the cable vaults; the great steel frames containing the thousands of separate wires and fuses for the subscribers' lines; the dynamos and storage batteries; the giant switchboards through which your telephone is connected with the other thirteen million telephones in the Bell System.

And here, in charge of this equipment, are the guardians of the

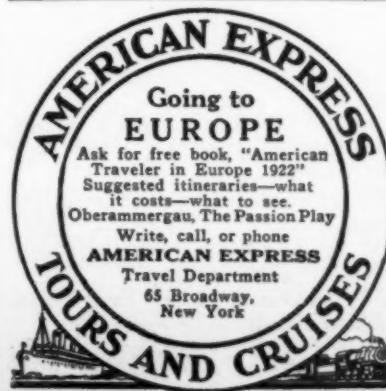
circuits—the wire chief and his assistants—master electricians and experts in telephony. Their first duty is the prevention of "trouble." By day and by night they are constantly testing the central office equipment, the overhead and underground lines, the subscribers' individual wires. And when, from some cause beyond control, "trouble" does occur, nine times out of ten it is repaired before the telephone subscriber suffers the slightest inconvenience.

It is the skill of the men behind the scenes, together with scientific development and construction, efficient maintenance and operation, which make it possible for you to rely upon the telephone day and night.

### "BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward  
Better Service



a wholesome mental picture, we might be a little better off. People are creatures of habit, and they are slaves to fashion. If they are led to believe that crime is fashionable, they'll be criminal. If they are led to see that it is quite as fashionable to punish crime, they'll be more anxious to stamp it out. And when they are shown that health is a more amusing habit than acquiring the new diseases, they'll devote less effort to wishing the latter on themselves.

They say that no news is good news. So why not eliminate the newspapers entirely? J. D.

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Our \$7.00 and \$8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our 108 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores **YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.**

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.



W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.  
*W. L. Douglas*  
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Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

147

## Eliminating the Rejection Slip

AT last I have discovered the secret. After all these years of heart-breaking, back-breaking, almost fruitless toil to land my manuscripts in print I see ahead the road to success. I have discovered a method of eliminating the rejection slip.

I do not assume all the credit myself. I cannot truthfully say that I am entirely a self-made man. Many are the conscientious editors whose wise words have pointed out the way. Yet it has been my ready comprehension of basic

truths, my ability to read between lines that has brought it all about, and I modestly take myself for all I am worth.

Yes, at last I have discovered the secret, the true method of eliminating the rejection slip. I am going to stop writing.

## The Newspaper Artist's Creed

EVERY man who plays golf does so at the expense of his business and against his wife's will. He returns home from the course every evening either cursing or noisily and offensively jubilant.

Every man typical of the common people wears a derby hat.

No woman ever gets a seat in a car and every man who does reads a newspaper opened wide.

No man likes to put on a dress suit.

No man enjoys an after-dinner speech, no matter how good.

The automobile is just where it was in 1905.

All small boys are funny, especially if they live in the country.

All successful men have large stomachs and drooping mustaches.

McC. H.

## Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



**BELL-ANS**  
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

## From a Contributor

THE Editors of LIFE.

Gentlemen (so to speak):

Wednesday, March 29, was my busy day. I spent several hours in securing clothes, greasepaints, etc., preparatory to appearing in a play that night, and several more in rehearsing and in trying to master two songs that I was to attempt to play. (And, at best, I play atrociously.) I was nervous and irritable over the entire prospect.

In addition to the tortures just recorded, I received notice that I'd lost my pet lawsuit, and a wire announcing a serious illness in my family. Also a part of the ceiling of my room fell, raising Ned with my dinner-clothes, which had been laid out for my hasty dressing. And my nerves were further unstrung by my actually getting a number I asked for on the telephone.

When I arrived at my home to dress for dinner, I found two letters. One I opened eagerly, recognizing the handwriting. It was the announcement of the marriage of my fiancée to another man. Only by a great effort could I open the other letter. It was a request from you for material for the "Don't Worry" Number.

Ten minutes later I was rushed to Bellevue for observation. The bill will be sent to you.

Hoping you are the sane, I am

Calmly yours,

JAMES DYRENFORTH.

THOUGH neither is a pugilist,

The sight makes one turn pale—

The dentist and manicurist

Fighting "tooth and nail."

## The Question of Health

—in relation to underwear, is simply the question of which fabric will allow the skin to function most naturally—and the answer to it is

## Wallace's Linen Mesh Underwear

*It is reasonably  
priced at all  
good shops.*

**made by**  
**The Linen Underwear Co.**  
**Greenwich, New York**

Also makers of Flaxal Pure Linen Underwear

## Just a Big, Simple Boy

"GO and see the champion," the managing editor commanded. "Get an interview from him about his methods of fighting, the way he trains, how he feels when he lands a knockout blow—all that kind of stuff. Get the inside dope on his success in the prize ring."

I went.

It took three days, a letter from the Mayor, seven interviews with a private secretary and a few verbal bouts with sundry attachés of the staff to arrange an appointment with the champion's manager. The Great Man himself was not to be seen by any hirelings of the press.

The manager was wearing his Tuesday, between three and four, lounge robe—the pink one with the blue roses—when I was ushered into the living room of his suite. He extended his hand, on which half-a-dozen diamond rings of various sizes gleamed brilliantly.

"About the champion," I began, hesitatingly, "I wanted to find out—"

"Oh! Yeh!" the manager chimed in at once. "He's awful good to his mother. Thinks th' world uv her, an' all. He bought her a beautiful home, an' he takes her to the opera any night there ain't a good movie on."

"But I understood that his mother was dead," I objected.

"Thass' so! I forgot that," the manager said. "Well, he's awful good to his sister. Only sister. Thinks the world uv her, an' all. He bought her—"

"A beautiful home," I interrupted.

"Yeh!" the manager agreed. "Say," he asked, suspiciously, "how did you know?"

"I heard about it," I explained.

"Well," the manager continued,



LOVELY complexions! Lovely women!  
Pears' Soap! are synonymous.

"Good morning!  
Have you used Pears' Soap?"

*Pears'*  
SOAP

somewhat assuaged, "the champ is the original home-loving kid. Hits the hay at nine o'clock every night, unless he goes to a movie, or th' opera.

"He loves children, too. Right now he's supporting eight orphans in diff'rent parts uv th' country because he took a likin' to them—"

"What methods does he use?" I started to inquire, but the manager paid no heed.

"An' he's just a big, simple boy. Wouldn't hurt a soul in th' world fer nawthin'. You'd be surprised to see how big-hearted he is. An' he's a bug on music. Nuts over all good stuff, classical stuff like Irving Berlin an' them guys writes. Just eats it up. He has a phonograph with him everywheres he goes an' he gets the latest records the day they're out."

"Does he like fighting?" I asked.  
The manager ignored me.

"He never misses church on Sunday," he informed me, graciously. "Say, didn't you know his mother was dead? Yeh? Well, he promised her

that he would attend to his religious duties an' he keeps that promise. Makes me go with him all the time, too."

"Quite a disciplinarian," I murmured.

"No! Baptist!" the manager assured me.

That was enough. I left without the material for my interview, but that could not be helped.

How could anyone expect to find out anything about fighting from someone who was only Little Lord Fauntleroy grown up?

J. K. M.



The Motorist: Hair cut!  
—Kasper (Stockholm).



The Exclusive Garter because it has exclusive features. For example—it is the only adjustable Wideweb Garter without the Hook and Eye Cast-off on the face of the Pad. Also has the famous Oblong All-Rubber Button.

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at any of the following addresses. Ask for Booklet B, mentioning districts that interest you.

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Buffalo, 1019 Chamber of Commerce Building  
Chicago, 108 West Adams Street  
Cincinnati, 406 Traction Building  
Detroit, 527 Majestic Building  
Duluth, 430 W. Superior Street  
Kansas City, 334 Railroad Exchange Bldg.  
Los Angeles, 325 Van Nuys Bldg., 7th and Spring Streets

Minneapolis, 518 Second Avenue, South  
New York, 1270 Broadway  
Pittsburgh, 505 Park Building  
Portland, Me., Grand Trunk Station  
San Francisco, 689 Market Street  
Seattle, 902 Second Avenue  
St. Louis, 305 Merchants Laelde Bldg.  
St. Paul, 4th and Jackson Streets

#### H. H. MELANSON

Passenger Traffic Manager  
Canadian National Railways  
Toronto, Can.

#### G. T. BELL

Passenger Traffic Manager  
Grand Trunk Railway  
Montreal, Can.



### The Apartment Housewife

"Home Cooking," reads a sign in one of those New York delicatessen stores that are the haven and refuge of the tired apartment dweller. "That's what my husband likes," remarked one of these housewives as she was purchasing the family dinner while a reporter stood by.—*Outlook*.

**INDIGNANT WIFE:** I wonder what you would have done if you'd lived when men were first compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows.

**INDOLENT HUSBAND:** I should have opened a store and sold handkerchiefs.

—*Boston Transcript*.

### Harvest

God swings His years upon me like a flail,  
For I am grain upon His threshing floor,  
And when the proving blows shall fall no more  
Upon the emptied straw stalks, bruised and pale,  
My soul shall then be measured by the tale  
Of what the harvest yields when winnowed o'er,  
And all the grain be garnered to his store.  
They say His perfect justice must prevail.

I pray I may not cry beneath the staff  
That beats upon me, pitiless and slow;  
Though I shall mark, rejected with the chaff,  
Where flowers of the corn and poppies glow;  
The battered, withered things I cher-  
ished so;  
Old broken dreams, at which the angels laugh.

—F. F. V., in *New York Tribune*.

### Owning the Alphabet

Some time ago the Canadian Pacific Railway Company issued notices to certain hotels, restaurants, shops, etc., protesting against the unauthorized use of its initials. One Timothy O'Brien, proprietor of the "C.P.R. Barber Shop" in a prairie village, received the warning, and replied as follows:

"Dear Sir: I got your notis. I don't want no law soot with yure company. I no yure company owns most everything —raderodes, steemers, most of the best land and the time, but I don't know as you own the hole alphabet. The letters on my shop don't stand for yure ralerode, but for sumthin better. I left a muther in Ireland, she is dead and gawn, but her memories are dear to me. Her maiden name was Christina Patricia Reardon, and what I want to no is what you are going to do about it. I suppose you won't argue that the balance of my sine what refers to cut rates has got anythink to do with yure ralerodes. There ain't been no cut rates round these parts that I nos of.

"(Sgd.) TIMOTHY O'BRIEN.

The company, Mr. George Ham tells us in his delightful book of reminiscences, took no further action in this case.

—*London Morning Post*.

### Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhœa (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhœa germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhœa. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhœa germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhœa away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

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Opens June 17—Golf, Tennis, Saddle Riding, Garage. Desirable Cottages with Hotel Service.

L. A. TWOROGER, Manager

Winter Resort, Princess Hotel, Bermuda

### Pollyanna Married

"Ye-es," Mr. Billings said, reluctantly, in reply to his friend's remark that Mrs. Joyce was "an awfully sweet little woman."

"So cheerful! Always sunny! Always looking on the bright side!" Billings's friend continued, enthusiastically.

"There's such a thing as overdoing that 'bright side' business," said Billings. "The other night I was at their place, and Joyce—you know how absent-minded he is—put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth. He jumped three feet, and was a little noisy for a minute. In the middle of it all Mrs. Joyce smiled blandly and said:

"How fortunate you were, dear, to discover it at once!"

—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

"Does your future husband know your age, Myrtle?"

"Well—partly."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.

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